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# Gloria

## Anon

Snow lies deep upon the Earth
Still our voices warmly sing
Heralding the glorious birth
Of the Child, the Winter King
Glo - ria!
In excelsis Deo!
Glo - ria!
In excelsis Dea!

Our triumphant voices claim
Joy and hope and love renewed
And our Lady's glad refrain
Answer Winter's solitude
Glo - ria!(etc.)

In Her arms a holy Child
Promises a glowing Light
Through the winter wind so wild
He proclaims the growing Light.
Glo - ria! (etc..)

Now the turning of the year
Of the greater Turning sings
Passing age of cold and fear
Soon our golden summer brings.
Glo - ria! (etc..)

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**Quote of the moment:**

Well then, can I just do it 'til I need glasses?

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